

Jump for X

Marc E. Bassy

This be my post modern soul-parody
Depressed so I can speak with sincerity
My lips is pierced with vodka true clarity
Kicked in the door like J Cole's house apparently
You thought the kids that were raising these new blocks
Would change the world be the brains let's talk like Tupac
Instead we talk about nothing but theses oh wops
Chasing bread only focused on making the crew pop
Hip Hop is dead and other muttererings that I stutter
I didn't mean it but I'm scrolling to find drake's baby mother
I get restless in the winter be coked out for the summer
I know better I like I'm prezi sucker free raised by my mother

Fuck the other side rival gang or parents
Let's get lost tonight like we Hov and Ye in Paris
Everybody feel the passion
Do a dance keep it mashin'
Shoo shoo shoo
House party where I was gassing
I know that things change
If I ever cop a range I'd let the braids hang
So I drive around the city
Watch me maintain maybe picking up the pace
But we don't change lanes (we can't change lanes)

Other side rival gang of parents
Let's get lost tonight like we Hov and Ye in Paris
Every other side rival gang of parents
Let's get lost tonight (tonight tonight)

Look at how fast you drink this wine
You drink this shit to forget the time (you know)
You make it look like it not fine
You make it look fine
Only you only you can know what is on your mind
Post Modern on the fax and Melrose
Its like your fighting mine
If the shoe fits for whom the bell tolls
Maybe your wasting all this time
Post Modern on the fax and Melrose
And it looks so easy
Buy old shit to fill a new soul
Wooaa and it's only me (let's get lost tonight)
And that what we all agreed
And that's all we believe
When heros dies time is froze on LA streets
Never for a second I need
Baby you all I need